

Good Morning 683

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk By Derek Hebenton

AFTER patrolling in Far Eastern waters for twelve months H.M.S. Stoic recently returned to a home port. She was commanded by Lieut.-Commander P. B. Marriott, D.S.O., R.N., who, before taking this submarine to the Far East, hunted U-boats in a U-boat, the former German U. 570.

Since he left the U 570, renamed H.M.S. Graph, he has added to his achievements in the Stoic, which include:—
A 36 hour chase of a Japanese convoy, the attack being pressed home when it had reached harbour:

A successful attack on a Japanese supply ship on the last day of Stoic's last patrol before proceeding to the United Kingdom for refit.

The longest patrol carried out by any submarine of her class.

in intelligent language, and Waterloo obviously meant the Southern Railway. Now, the Southern Railway seemed to suggest Portsmouth, and when I found a train arriving from that locality at 3.1, I felt I had nearly cracked the message. Needless to say, the train did not arrive at 3.1, but when it did eventually get in it brought with it almost the entire crew of "Sea Rover."

A result of the meeting was that a few days later Leading Seaman Vic Smythe came along to have a look round the office and to introduce us to his A.T.S. wife. He told me some good tales of the leave he spent in Australia and of beery nights in other parts of the world. He also succeeded in getting out of Woody, our art bloke, two pictures of Peggy of the Windmill, which he swore were for the fellows on Sea

Worst Prison of All Changes Hands Again

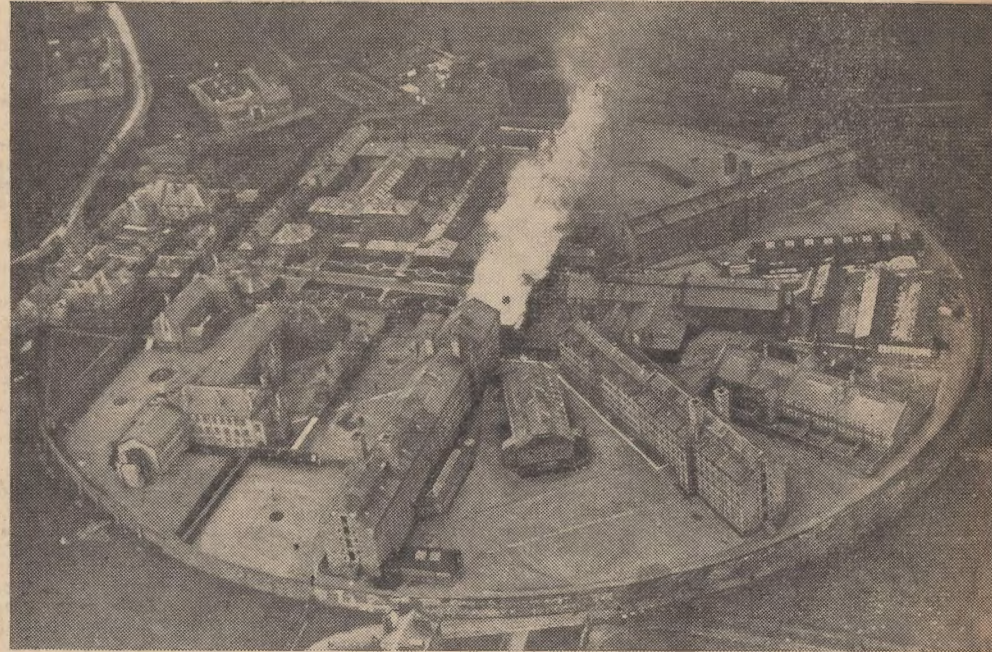
DARTMOOR is to become a military prison, it was announced recently, the civilian convicts going to Parkhurst in the Isle of Wight. Thus another chapter is being written in the history of one of the world's most famous and feared prisons. By the irony of fate the prison which originally held prisoners-of-war, taken by the British Forces, is now to hold British prisoners who have committed serious offences while in the Forces.

"The Moor" is the oldest penal settlement in Britain, and rumours of its abandonment have been current for more than ten years.

It has long been equally dreaded by convicts and warders. It is one of the most desolate places in Britain, and for days at a time may be shrouded in the mists for which Dartmoor is famous. The annual rainfall is more than double that of London—and the prison is not altogether waterproof.

Because of the surrounding moor, the prison is one from which it is difficult to make a "clean" break. Hundreds of attempts have ended in exhausted prisoners being caught on the treacherous moor which offers few hiding places.

Dartmoor has had an unhappy history for the 136 years of its existence. Its origin is



Convicts tried to burn the Moor in 1932.

to found in the ambition of one Mr. Tyrwhitt, who was very anxious to flatter to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV. In 1800 he bought a tract of moor, intending to form an agricultural settlement that would be named after the Prince.

Princetown duly came into existence, but it did not thrive, and when a few years later the problem of dealing with French and American prisoners-of-war became acute, the Admiralty decided to take over the settlement to house them.

Tenders were invited for the construction of the prison. Then, as now, there were great difficulties over building. Timber was almost worth its weight in gold, bricks were virtually unobtainable. The only plentiful material was granite, to be had in unlimited quantities near Princetown for the quarrying. A leading firm of contractors claimed that the prison could not be decently built for less than £100,000, but the Admiralty accepted a lower contract for £66,000.

Perhaps in trying to make a profit out of their low tender, the contractors did shocking work. They skimped and used inferior materials.

In 1809, the prison was declared ready for occupation, but the walls leaked freely and the flooring was badly laid. However, the granite walls for confining the prisoners were solid enough, and that was all that seemed to matter.

The first prisoners, 5,000 French and Americans, had to march to Princetown from Plymouth. They "took up residence" in May, and perhaps during the hot summer, the place did not seem so bad, especially as they lived under

parole and had their own committees for discipline and messing. A market was held in the courtyard of the prison to enable them to shop.

An interesting sidelight of the conditions is revealed by a complaint of the Plymouth coroner at the time that he was having to work overtime holding inquests on prisoners killed in duels! His verdict, incidentally, was always "accidental homicide."

Many attempts at escape were made and not a few were successful because of the sympathy of the people in the neighbourhood, and even the guards. It is on record that a soldier who helped a French officer to escape in 1811, received 450 lashes in the presence of the whole Dartmoor garrison.

A little later, owing to the methodical habit of a French officer, who kept a record of everything, a complete system of escaping, down to the fixing of passages on ships from Bristol, was discovered. Local celebrities were involved and a Government Commission investigating discovered shocking corruption.

Scenes of violence were not infrequent. On one occasion some hundreds of the French prisoners living in shocking conditions because they had no money to buy "extras"—and everything was "extra"—attacked 120 American prisoners and would have massacred them with their bare hands and improvised clubs, if the military guard, which providentially was just being changed, had not intervened, bayoneting and clubbing scores.

The last mutiny at Dartmoor was in 1932. The first in 1815, when ill-treatment led some of the Americans to attack the guard. The soldiers opened fire, killing some and wounding a great many.

There was another mutiny in 1862, by which time the prison was for civilians. On this occasion over 200 convicts on a working party charged the guard with picks and spades. The guards, armed with guns and bayonets, stood absolutely firm, and their commander shouting that he would order them to fire if the convicts advanced another step, the men became cowed and were marched back to gaol.

After the end of the Napoleonic wars, Dartmoor was closed as a prison. It might never have been re-opened but for the refusal of the colonies to accept transported criminals any more.

In the middle of the century, Britain suddenly had to find space for hundreds of long-sentence convicts and Dart-

moor was re-opened. The re-opening of Dartmoor was quickly celebrated by a breakout. Three men got away. Two were recaptured. Whether the other got clean away or disappeared into one of Dartmoor's many treacherous bogs was never discovered. The man was never heard of again.

In its early days as a convict prison, Dartmoor was noted for the generous food allowance and generally good conditions. This was due to the Director of Convict Prisons, Sir Joshua Jebb, a great humanitarian.

He privately disapproved of the use of the antiquated buildings, and tried to make up for it with good food and beer on Sunday. Unfortunately the convicts did not respond and assaults on warders were frequent.

A severe regime was introduced by Jebb's successor, and from the sixties to the beginning of the present century, Dartmoor was rightly dreaded by convicts everywhere. Floggings were frequent. Prisoners committed suicide. Many attempted to mutilate themselves to escape the floggings. To-day it seems incredible that a goal governor should state publicly, without apparent embarrassment, that he added a few lashes to the punishment of those who attempted to commit suicide to discourage others, yet this was the evidence given at a Commission of Enquiry.

A new era began in 1907, with sweeping reforms in our prison system. Dartmoor improved, but nothing could improve the depressing climate and the moisture on the walls. Dartmoor continued to be the most disliked prison in Britain.

After the sensational 1932 mutiny, Lord (then Sir Herbert) Samuel stated that it would be closed. Other Home Secretaries have felt the same way about it.

But always the practical difficulty of finding space for the displaced convicts has prevented this reform being brought about. Now Dartmoor ends again as a convict prison, but becomes a military one.

J. M. M.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Officers of the "Stoic" home from Far Eastern waters—Lieut. J. H. Perowne, R.N., Lieut.-Commander P. B. Marriott, D.S.O., R.N., and Lieut. P. E. Durham, R.N.

"Stoic's stalk of a medium sized Japanese ship began one evening in the falling light," said Lieut.-Cdr. Marriott on his return to a home base. "We sighted through the periscope a fairly large vessel with a smaller ship in company. When we surfaced about an hour later we found a completely black night, the heaviest rain we had yet encountered, a strong wind blowing and the visibility at zero—about the worst conditions for a night chase."

But Stoic did follow the convoy through the night and all the next day until it was seen the enemy had entered harbour. Lieut.-Cdr. Marriott patrolled off the harbour throughout the following night and attacked through the mouth of the harbour at dawn, scoring two hits on the ship.

On the last day of her patrol, Stoic torpedoed a medium sized Japanese vessel, again in poor weather conditions, and later survived a pursuit by a submarine chaser.

"PLEASE meet Waterloo 15.00, fourteenth, if possible. The Boys," read a telegram which arrived at this office recently. Who or what the boys were was not explained.

Of course, 15.00 meant 3 p.m.

Rover, and not for himself. I hope he was right!

ONCE again I quote the "London Gazette" in reporting the following awards:
"For gallantry, seamanship and determination during patrols in one of H.M. Submarines."

D.S.O.
Lieut. David Swanston, D.S.C., R.N.

D.S.C.
Lieut. John Malwa Reece Lutley, R.N.

Temp. Sub-Lieut. Andrew Lloyd Morgan, R.N.V.R.

C.G.M.
P.O. Tel. Victor George Harmer.

D.S.M.
Chief E. R. A. John McAlister. E.R.A. Alfred John Coker. Acting P.O. Edward Jones. L-Tel. Kenneth George Wade.

L-Stoker Walter Hollis. A.B. Frederick Edward Juland Gibbons.

Stoker Ernest Victor Wray. MENTIONS.

Temp. Sub-Lieut. William Ronald Grey, R.N.V.R.

Mr. Albert Ewart John Hodge, Acting Warrant Engineer, R.N. Acting C.P.O. Albert Henry Watcham.

P.O. Albert Charles Brookes. A.B. Reginald James Marchant. Tel. William Britton.

DO you recognise the following address—21, Claribel Road, Brixton, S.W.9? Well, Mr. Rogerson, we were going to call at Brixton to get you some home news and pictures, but, as you know, the family has evacuated to Harpenden, so there's going to be some delay. Anyway a letter from 6, Salisbury Road says that everyone is well, but looking forward to the return home.

So keep your eyes down, Mister—home news is on the way.

BELOW is an extract from Statesman's patrol report as it was given to me.

"18.59. Surfaced. Still unable to obtain a fix. Weather not suitable for observation of heavenly bodies.

"19.30. Heavenly bodies provided by anniversary copy of 'Good Morning.' Unfortunately these were no assistance at all."

By W. W. Jacobs

"Are you—are you glad?" asked the modest Richard.

der, miss," said a harsh voice. The door was pushed open and disclosed a tall, bony woman of about forty. Her red arms were bare to the elbow, and she betrayed several evidences

"Mistake?" wailed Mrs. Porter. "Mistake! Oh, where's your 'art?"

He was beyond further astonishment, and when Mrs. Truefitt entered the room with a laudable attempt to twist her features into an

"Did she, though?" said the admiring Mrs. Truefitt. "I

wish I'd been here."

"I can do it agin, ma'am," said the obliging Mrs. Porter.

"If you come near me again—" said the breathless Richard, stepping back a pace.

"I shouldn't force his love," said Mrs. Truefitt; "it'll come back in time, I dare say."

"I'm sure he's affectionate," said Prudence.

Mr. Catesby eyed his tor-

(Continued on Page 3)

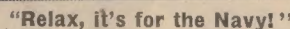
1. A cyclops is a bicycle clip, one-eyed monster, fly-wheel, musical instrument?
2. How far does a body fall during the first second?
3. How should you pronounce the town of Launceston?
4. Of what country is the peanut a native plant?

Answers to Quiz in No. 682

1. Measure of area (metric system).
2. It radiates from the centre.
3. ~~Hot-er~~
4. U.S.A.
5. 22.
6. Unstable describes a state; others don't.

"It's my 'usband, miss," said the Amazon, reluctantly releasing the flushed and dishevelled Richard; "e left me and my five eighteen months ago. For eighteen months I 'aven't 'ad a sight of 'is blessed face."

She lifted the hem of her



"Dr. Nichols! I think it's about time you got yourself a stethoscope!"

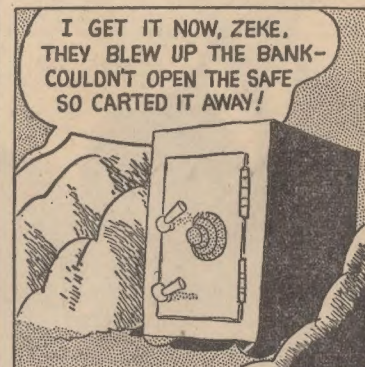
By Alfred Rhodes

In fact, London is drinking its way towards the sea.

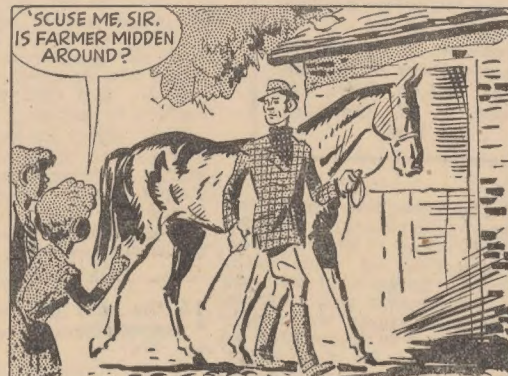
ALEX CRACK

"Yes," was the reply. "I was thinking that if you were to tie the handle of the brush on my braces I could sweep the stairs on my way down."

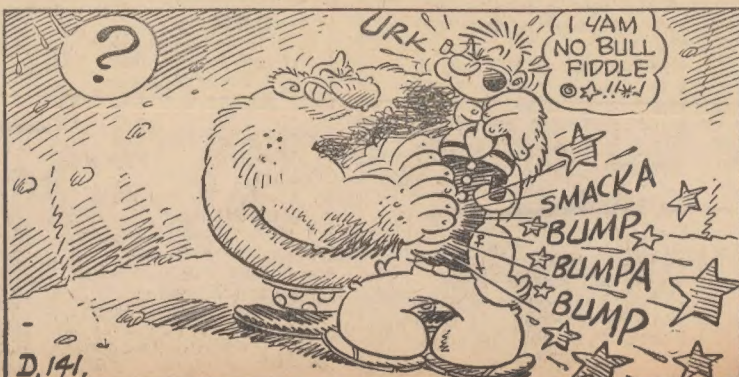
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 622

1. Cut one letter out of a shallow container and get a river in Scotland.
2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: Annylopsontheloorwithluykitten-sorun.
3. What two common words have THE for their exact middles?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: It is a great — when a boy is — at his lessons.

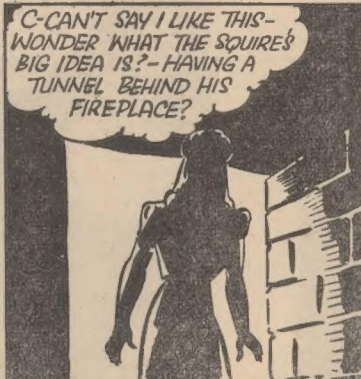
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 621

1. B(R)ASS.
2. George is going to get a gaggle of geese for his garden.
3. ALUMINIUM.
4. Swan, sawn.

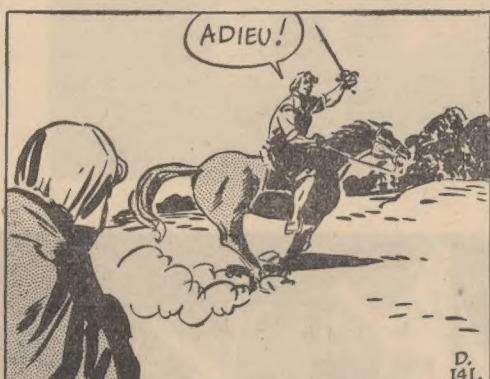
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Bobby-Soxers Worship Him

WHEN Frank Sinatra, variously known as "The swoon crooner" and "The voice," went up for his medical examination for the Army recently, there were astonishing scenes amongst his girl "fans," who were apparently reduced to hysteria by the thought that their darling might be lost to them.

Sinatra is a phenomenon. There has never been anything like Sinatra worship. Probably the most astonished person of all is Frank Sinatra himself. The few who know him outside his public life say he is a likeable young man whose head has not in the least been turned by the adulation of every "teen-year-old" in America, or the fantastic income of about £1,000 a day which his personal appearances, films, gramophone records and broadcasts bring him.

Sinatra is a happily married

man, with a family of his own, and although he is a conscientious artist, he probably secretly despises hysterical fans.

His one trouble is to get a little privacy. A special police guard is necessary for him every time he steps outside his own door. When he wishes to travel similar arrangements have to be made.

Sinatra has no illusions about himself. He knows these waves of hysterical adulation last only a few years and then pass. He is prepared financially and psychologically for the day when he will be forgotten, and will probably welcome it.

But saving against this "rainy day" is not so easy as his huge income would suggest. Taxes this year will reduce his income by an estimated £200,000 and, apart from other heavy expenses, he has to employ a staff to deal with his mail bag. Perhaps the story that best

illustrates it concerns his personal appearance at a New York cinema last year. The "fans" began queuing early the night before, and there was a minor riot which ended up with intervention by the police and ambulances.

But this was only the beginning. When the hysterical girls had got inside the cinema, they refused to come out, and sat through the "continuous performance" from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m., after which some began waiting for the next performance to begin.

One girl is credited with having seen 56 consecutive performances! It is not surprising that there were cases of girls fainting from hunger and lack of sleep.

Psychologists say there is no danger to the girls—they will grow out of it, as their mothers grew out of extravagant adoration of Valentino. **CURTIS HAMILTON.**

TRUE OR FALSE?

IS IT true that if you drop a cat, it will always land on its feet?

The answer is, generally, yes, provided the cat is dropped from a sufficient height.

What is interesting is how the cat always manages to get its feet down. The matter has even been investigated by scientists, who will write you a very complicated formula explaining it, and say it is due to the "angular acceleration of a rigid body under the action of a resultant torque."

In plain language, what the cat does when it is dropped—probably as a reflex action—is to extend its hind legs and tail perpendicular to the axis of its body, and at the same time to pull its front legs as close to its body as possible.

The effect of this is to apply a "twist" to the body. The front legs and head rotate.

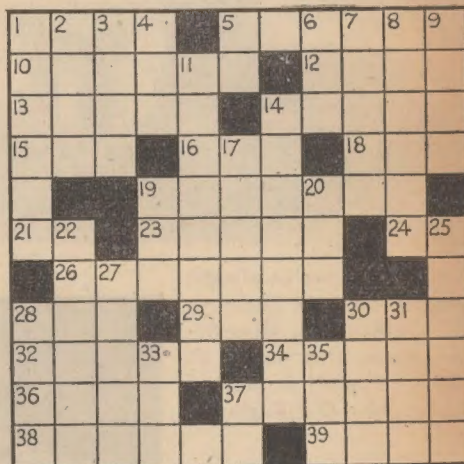
At this point the back legs are drawn in and the front ones pushed out; that applies a twist in the opposite direction and turns the hind-quarters over. Result—the cat lands on her feet.

All this is done in a fraction of a second, of course, and has been recorded by slow-motion photography.

The cat does not understand the mathematics of what it does. But, fortunately for its reputation of having nine lives, gets there just the same!

CROSS-WORD CORNER

J. BEGGARS D
ATOLL LANCE
CRAKE DWARF
KIT APE PIT
EVERMORE T
TIDY K REIN
A ELEGANCE
OLD USA SIT
ALIEN FLUSH
TYRED FORME
S TRIESTE R



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Leather. 5 State of Bombay. 10 Entwine. 12 Related. 13 Sharp. 14 Fixed gaze. 15 Eggs. 16 Kindled. 18 Seat. 19 Of pottery. 21 Road. 23 Palm. 24 Thanks. 26 Obsolete. 28 Drink. 29 Drink. 30 Tennis shot. 32 Snug place. 34 Nonsense. 36 Notion. 37 Rugby forward. 38 Order. 39 Travelled.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Carrier. 2 Very. 3 Cotton fluff. 4 Butter. 5 Exist. 6 Rodent. 7 African ruminant. 8 Straight. 9 Afresh. 11 Speed. 14 Short and sharp. 17 Girl's name. 19 Whip. 20 Unburnished. 22 Deceive. 25 Watch-chain. 27 Sailing ship. 28 Sharp. 30 Enjoy. 31 Unfold. 33 Obstruct. 35 Rank. 37 Pronoun.

Good Morning



Show a leg, sailors ! Well, she's doing it, in fact, two of them, and more besides, and all of Danielle Darrieux—but that dog beside her has something in his eye.



Ann Miller is showing her own two feet, and they claim that, feet apart, she is one of the ten most beautiful beautifuls in the world. We agree with Columbia, whose star she is. She's all the firmament to us.



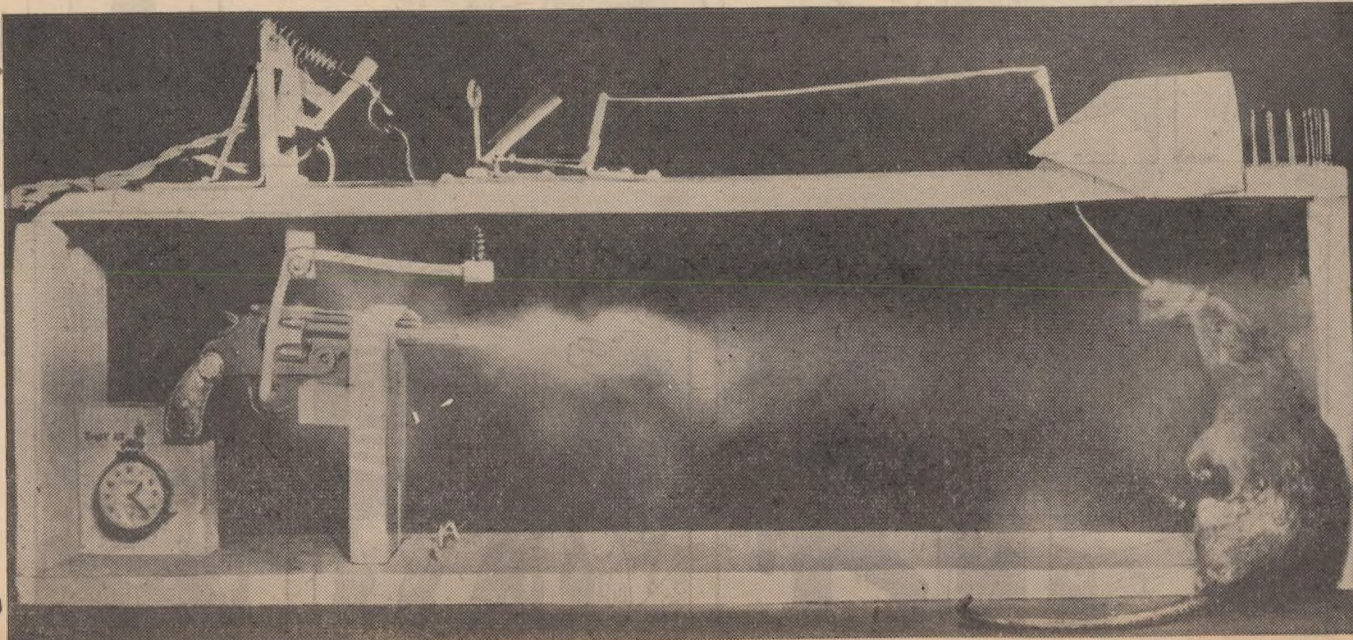
They tell us this is a monitor, so we're passing it on to you. There's 16 feet of him, but we hadn't room for all that, besides—



It is the job we've always wanted—being a thatcher at Stinchcombe, Gloucester, where this one is at work. Doesn't it remind you of dear Old England?

RAT CLAP-TRAP

When we first saw this we wouldn't believe it. It is an invention whereby a rat commits suicide as it grabs the bait. Dam', silly rat, anyway.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

